**INT. TEMPLE – JERUSALEM – DAY**

The colonnades are crowded.

Teachers sit in circles,

Astonished.

Yeshua’s voice rises among them,

sure and steady.

**TEACHER**

Such wisdom… from a child?

The crowd murmurs.

At the edge of the chamber,

a few boys from Nazareth

who followed him secretly

peek from behind a column.

They are His age,

but their eyes burn not with awe,

but suspicion.

Then Mary’s voice cuts through:

**MARY**

Your father and I have been searching everywhere for You!

The boy turns,

Calm,

**YESHUA**

“Why did you seek me?

Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?”

Gasps ripple through the teachers.

Mary is struck silent.

But the boys in the shadows exchange looks.

One smirks, whispering:

**BOY 1**

(whispering, smirking)

“Father’s business?

Pff…

the only father’s business you know of

is that little shop of Yosef.

Who does he think he is?

**BOY 2**

(snickering)

"Yeah,

Let's see if he's still so wise back in Nazareth.

we'll show him

They laugh under their breath

jealousy already fermenting

into cruelty.

**EXT. NAZARETH DUST ROAD – NEXT DAY**

The sun is low,

washing the mud houses in gold.

The air smells of bread and livestock.

the small Middle Eastern boy,

Yeshua (יֵשׁוּעַ)

His skin was warm,

neither pale nor dark,

eyes deep and knowing,

curls crowned his head.

walks barefoot along the packed dirt.

He is twelve now

the age when boys start testing each other,

when pride grew faster than wisdom.

He carried a simple satchel

of carpentry tools for Yosef.

From a nearby doorway,

a group of boys lean against the wall,

smirking.

They whisper, then call out.

**BOY 1**

"Hey!

Ben Yosef (בֶּן־יוֹסֵף)!

the one with the "father's business"

i know your mother

Mary……right?

i heard she cheated on your “father”

had you out of shame

a bastard child

Who do you think you are?

Still pretending you’re better than the rest of us?”

**BOY 2**

Yeah

why don’t you come prove it?

Or are you too kadosh (קָדוֹשׁ) to play?

They step into his path.

One shoves his shoulders.

Another kicks up dust at his feet.

The laughter is small-town cruel

just loud enough for the kids to hear

but soft enough for the adults to ignore.

For a moment,

Yeshua stops

There’s a stillness in Him

a weight in the air.

The other boys feel it

but can’t name it.

The Boy

had the Power

of GOD

right in his fist

His gaze is steady,

ancient

in a young face.

In that instant,

He could knock them to the ground

He could speak

and their hearts would burn with shame.

He could end it.

But instead…

He walked aside.

And He walks on

The boys jeer again,

but their voices crack.

One stares after Him,

unsettled,

not sure why it suddenly feels

like they are the smaller ones.

The dust settles.

The curly-haired boy disappears

into the glow of the carpenter’s workshop.

———

That restraint —

is the first shadow of the cross.

**EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE NAZARETH – DAY**

The sun leans warm

over the small patch of soil Joseph tends.

Olive trees line the horizon,

cicadas buzzing low in the heat.

Joseph’s hands are rough

with years of carpentry,

but today

He guides a hoe through the earth.

Beside him,

Yeshua,

works quietly,

pulling stones from the dirt.

Sweat beads on his brow,

curls clinging to his forehead.

Joseph glances at Him,

sensing the weight in his silence.

**YOSEF**

(softly)

“You’re awfully quiet today son.

What troubles you?”

Yeshua hesitates,

then speaks.

**YESHUA**

“Some boys mocked me.

Said I think I’m better than them.

One shoved me…”

Yosef raises his eyebrows in anger

**YOSEF**

“Oh really?

What did you do?”

**YESHUA**

“I just……

walked away”

Joseph pauses,

leaning on his hoe.

A slow smile tugs at his beard.

**YOSEF**

"That's right,

you sure did"

He wipes his brow with the back of his hand,

voice growing firmer.

**YOSEF**

"Listen…

those kids were bullies

They are nothing new.

They bark and bite because they don’t know who they are.

Just last week,

a man in the market called me “the fool of Nazareth.”

Said I took in a wife already defiled

raising a boy who’s not my own.

That’s the name they gave me

A fool

carrying Yeshua-the-mistake.

But I carried it.

I loved anyway.

And the Lord stood by me.

So don’t let their words stain you, my boy.

If they mocked me

and I still stand here,

then you will stand taller still.”

He rests a hand on Yeshua’s shoulder

“But you

you were always meant for something bigger.

the lord sent me a angel

and commanded that I must raise you

And I will

With all my life.

Don’t ever let small men pull you down.

Your Father has great work ahead for you.”

The boy’s eyes glint — steady,

ancient,

though still soft with youth.

Joseph hands Him a small basket of seeds.

**YOSEF**

"Come.

Help me sow."

Together they walk the furrows,

dropping seed into the loosened soil.

Yeshua runs His fingers through the earth

as though feeling its heartbeat.

Joseph hums a tune,

content.

Yeshua looks at the seed in His hand,

the soil beneath His feet —

and smiles faintly,

as if He already sees

the harvest.